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By *ADAM FITZ-ADAM.*

To be continued every THURSDAY.

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Animi cultus quaſi quidam humanitatis cibus. TULL.

IF the love of indolence did not ſometimes as entirely poſſeſs me as the love of fame, I ſhould no doubt feel myſelf a little piqued at being in a manner compelled to withdraw my own wit, in order to publiſh that of my correſpondents. For many weeks paſt I have conſidered myſelf as a mere poſtmaſter, whoſe only employment is to receive and diſtribute letters. But what moſt mortifies me, is, that I do not find my readers to be at all clamorous about my reſuming the pen.

pen. I am particulary hurt by my correſpondent of this day, who under the friendly appearance of favouring me with his aſſiſtance, has ſent me what I am afraid will caſt a ſhade upon my own papers. I could have forgiven the injury, if he had left me room to alter a ſingle word in his eſſay, by which I might have aſſured my acquaintance that it was partly written by myſelf.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

EVERY one knows how liable the BODY is to decay, unleſs it be ſupported by proper nouriſhment. The unlearned labourer is as well ſkilled in this doctrine as the moſt profound philoſopher: for the ſtomach, by certain monitory twitches, informs them both equally of how great importance eating is, not only to their well-being, but to their being at all. The peaſant labours that he may eat, and eats that he may labour; and his very labouring contributes alſo to the health of his BODY. Now, ſir, I beg leave to inform certain of your readers, who, by the circumſtance of their birth, education and fortune, are unhappily exempt from BODILY labour, and who are idle becauſe they have leiſure, that the MIND likewiſe requires ſuſtenance, and that, for want of food and exerciſe, it will as naturally fall into decay as the BODY.

THIS is daily ſeen in what is called the polite world, which is chiefly compoſed of ſuch whoſe ſleek countenances and active limbs diſcover all the ſigns of vigorous BODILY health, but whoſe MINDS are ſo feeble, puny and half-ſtarved, as to be ſcarce able to ſupport themſelves.

VAUX-HALL and Ranelagh are generally crowded with objects of this ſort; for, that ſuch naturally have recourſe

recourſe to public places and company, may be learned from Tully's account of the idle fellows of Rome: *Videmus, cum re nullâ impediantur neceſſariâ, aut alveolum poſcere, aut quærere quempiam ludum, aut ſermonem aliquem requirere; cumque non habeant ingenuas ex doctrinâ oblectationes, circulos aliquos et ſeſſiunculas conſectari.* As this morſel of Latin may poſſibly ſtick with ſuch of your readers, as have had LEISURE enough to neglect the improvement of their ſchool-learning, to make it go down more glibly, I will dreſs it for them after the Engliſh manner. *The idle, as they have no occupation or buſineſs to employ them, reſort either to a gaming-table, or a cricket-match, or mother Midnight's oration; and, as they have not, for want of learning, any of the amuſements of a gentleman, become members of clubs and frequenters of Coffee-houſes.* From the illuſtrious convention at WHITE'S, down to thoſe, who aſſemble on birth-days at the BLACK; whether they rejoice in champagne and ortolans, or tripe and porter; whether they are employed at a hazard-table, or a ſhovel-board; the MIND in each fraternity ſeems to be alike provided for, and has little elſe to ſubſiſt upon than the ſcraps and broken pieces of knowledge picked up from the common news-papers.

WE cannot wonder if, with ſuch miſerable fare, the MIND ſhould be impaired in it's ſtrength, and grow languid in it's motions; but we may well wonder that men, who are far above the ordinary rank of life, who are proud of their abilities to diſtinguiſh themſelves from the vulgar in their cloaths, tables, houſes, furniture, in ſhort in all the conveniences of mere living, even to luxury, ſhould take up with ſo poor a diet; ſhould be contented with diverſions, which any the loweſt mechanic may aſpire to. Is it no mortification

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to their pride to find men of low birth, mean fortune and no education on a level with themſelves in their amuſements? Is it no reproach to them to look upon a picture of Raphael, or the Medicean Venus with the ſame ſtupid eye of indifference, as the labourer who ground the colours, or who dug in the quarry? Yet many there are, and men of taſte too, as the phraſe goes, who, through a ſhameful neglect of their MINDS, have little or no reliſh of the fine arts: and I doubt whether, in our moſt ſplendid aſſemblies, the ROYAL GAME OF GOOSE would not have as many eyes fixed upon it, as the lately publiſhed curioſity of the ruins of PALMYRA. I mention this work not only to inform ſuch of your readers, as do not labour under a total loſs of appetite for liberal amuſements, what a ſumptuous entertainment they may ſit down to, but alſo to give it as a ſignal inſtance, how agreeably men of ingenious talents, ample fortune and great leiſure, may amuſe themſelves, and by laudably employing their leiſure-time, do honour to their country.

AMONG the polite and idle, there are none whom I behold with more compaſſion than thoſe meagre and half-famiſhed ſouls, whom I meet every day, in fine cloaths and gay equipages, going about from door to door like common beggars; and like beggars too, as commonly turned away; with this difference, that the porter gives the Ragged ſtroller a ſurly NO, and a civil diſmiſſion to the vagrant in Embroidery. The former, to excuſe his idleneſs, ſays "nobody will employ me;" the latter does as good as ſay, "I cannot employ my-"ſelf." This in high life is called viſiting; which does not imply any friendſhip, eſteem, or the leaſt regard towards the perſon who is viſited, but is the effect of

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pure generoſity in the viſitor, who having more time upon his hands than he knows what to do with, prodigally beſtows ſome of it upon thoſe, whom he cares not one farthing for. I look upon viſiting to be the art of ſquandering away time with the leaſt loſs of reputation; a very great invention indeed! and as other ingenious arts have been produced by hungry bellies, ſo this owes it's riſe to the emptineſs of the MIND.

BUT the hunger of the MIND for the moſt part creates a conſtant reſtleſſneſs, frequent indiſpoſition, and ſometimes, that worſe than bodily diſeaſe, the ſpleen; which happens when, by low keeping, it is reduced to the neceſſity of gnawing and preying upon itſelf. Every man, who does nothing, becauſe he has nothing to do, feels himſelf more or leſs ſubject to theſe diſorders. And can his flying to places of paſtime and diverſion remove them? Should we not condemn a mother as unnatural, who, when her child cries for bread and butter, ſhould carry it abroad to a puppet ſhew? Yet full as abſurdly does every man act, who, regardleſs of the craving of his mental appetite, ſtands gaping at vertical ſuns, or a painted waterfall.

I HAVE heard that the maſter of Vaux-hall, who ſo plentifully provides beef for our BODILY refreſhment, has, for the entertainment of thoſe who viſit him at his country-houſe, no leſs plentifully provided for the MIND; where the gueſt may call for a ſcull to chew upon the inſtability of human life, or ſit down to a collation of poetry, of which, the hangings of his room of entertainment take up, as I am told, many yards. I wiſh that this grand purveyor of beef and poetry would transfer ſome of the latter to his gardens at Vaux-hall. Odes and ſongs paſted on the lamp-poſts would, I believe,

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